BEYOND the FRONTIER
A STORY OF EARLY DAYS
by RANDALL PARRISH

SYNOPSIS.

—11—

Adele la Chesnayne, a belle of New France, is forced into marriage with Commissaire Cassion, henchman of Governor La Barre, who is plotting to oust La Salle and his garrison from the frontier Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois river. Adele had overheard the plotters say she had inherited a great fortune from her father and they had kept it from her. La Barre and Cassion learned of the girl's knowledge—thus the marriage and the hurried departure of Cassion and a company for Fort St. Louis. The bride refuses to share sleeping quarters with her husband. She has but one friend, young Rene d'Artigny, a guide. He is chary of helping her. Chevet, the girl's uncle, one of the party, is found murdered. A fierce storm scatters and wrecks the boats. Adele is rescued by D'Artigny. They learn they had thought one another guilty of Chevet's murder. Adele loves her rescuer.

When a woman falls in love with a man, does it mean that she is willing to give herself body and soul to him if he asks the sacrifice? Is it love when a woman discovers in her heart the willingness to surrender herself wholly to her lover? Perhaps these questions can best be answered by our lady readers—for no man knows the psychology of femininity. You will be deeply interested in Adele's dilemma—her moral struggle—as told in this installment.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

In a way I must have known this before, yet, not until that moment did the fact dawn upon me in full acknowledgment. I sank my head on my hands, my breath quickened by surprise, by shame, and felt my cheeks burn. I loved him, and believed he loved me. I knew then that all the happiness of life centered in this one fact; while between us arose the shadow of Cassion, my husband. True I loved him not; true I was to him wife only in name, true our marriage was a thing of shame, yet no less a fact, no less a barrier. I was a La Chesnayne to whom honor was a religion; a Catholic bowing humbly to the vow of Holy church; a French woman taught that marriage was a sacred rite.

The knowledge of my love for D'Artigny brought me more fear than pleasure. I dare not dream, or hope; I must escape his presence while I retained moral strength to resist temptation. I got to my feet, not knowing what I could do, yet with a wild conception of returning to the beach, and seeking to find a passage southward. I would go now along the shore, before D'Artigny came back, and meet those returning canoes. In such action lay my only safety—he would find me gone, would trace me along the sand, yet before I could be caught, I would have met the others, and thus escape the peril of being alone with him again.

Even as I reached this decision, something arose in my throat and choked me, for my eyes saw just outside the curve of the shore line a canoe emerge from the shadows of the bluff. I cannot picture the reaction, the sudden shrinking fear which, in that instant, mastered me. They were coming, seeking me; coming to drag me back into slavery; coming to denounce D'Artigny of crime and demand his life.

I sank down out of sight, yet my decision was made in an instant. It did not seem to me then as though another course could be taken. That D'Artigny was innocent I had no doubt. I loved him, this I no longer denied to myself; and I could not possibly betray the man to the mad vengeance of Cassion. I peered forth, across the ridge of earth concealing me from observation, at the distant canoe. It was too far away for me to be certain of its occupants, yet I assured myself that Indians were at the paddles, while three others, whose dress designated them as whites, occupied places in the boat. I turned and ran down the bank to where the fire yet glowed dully in the hollow, emitting a faint spiral of blue smoke, dug dirt up with my hands and covered the coals, until they were completely extinguished. Then I crept back to the bluff summit and lay down to watch.

The canoe rounded the curve in the shore and headed straight across toward where I rested in concealment. Their course would keep them too far away from the little strip of sand on which we had landed to observe the imprint of our feet or the pile of wood D'Artigny had flung down. I observed this with an intense feeling of relief as I peered cautiously out from my covert.

I could see now clearly the faces of those in the canoe—the dark, expressionless countenances of the Indians, and the three white men, all gazing intently at the shore line, as they swept past, a soldier in the bow, and Pere Allouez and Cassion at the stern, the latter standing, gripping the steering paddle. The sound of his rasping, disagreeable voice reached me first.

"This is the spot," he exclaimed, pointing. "I saw that headland just before the storm struck. But there is no wreck here, no sign of any landing. What is your judgment, pere?"

"That further search is useless, monsieur," answered the priest. "We have covered the entire coast, and found no sign of any survivor; no doubt they were all lost."

"'Tis likely true, for there was small hope for any swimmer in such a sea. Go on, round the long point yonder, and if there is no sign there we will return. 'Tis my thought they were all drowned, and there is no need of our seeking longer. Pull on boys, and let us finish the job."

They rounded the point, the pere talking earnestly, but the canoe so far away I could not overhear his words. Cassion paid small heed to what he urged, but, at last, angrily bade him be still, and, after a glance into the narrow basin beyond, swung the bow of the canoe about and headed it southward, the return course further off shore. The Indians paddled with renewed energy and in a few moments they were so far away their faces were indistinguishable, and I ventured to sit on the bank, my gaze still on the vanishing canoe.

So intent was I that I heard no sound of approaching footsteps, and knew nothing of D'Artigny's presence until he spoke.

"What is that yonder—a canoe?"

I started, shrinking back, suddenly realizing what I had done, and the construction he might place upon my action.

"Yes," I answered faintly, "it—it is a canoe."

"But it is headed south; it is going away," he paused, gazing into my face. "Did it not come this far?"

"Yes, monsieur; but listen. No, do not touch me. Perhaps it was all wrong, yet I thought it right. I lay here hidden from view and watched them; I extinguished the fire so they could not see the smoke. They came so near I could hear their voices, and distinguish their words, yet I let them pass."

"Who were in the canoe?"

"Besides the Indians, Cassion, Pere Allouez and the soldier Descartes. Do you realize, monsieur, why I chose to remain unseen? Why I have done what must seem an unwomanly act?"

"No, madame, yet I cannot deem your reason an unworthy one—yet wait; could it be fear for my life?"

"It was that, and that only, monsieur. The truth came to me in a flash when I first perceived the canoe approaching yonder. I felt that hate rather than love urged Cassion to make search for us. I feel I have chosen right, monsieur, and yet I must trust you to never cause me to regret that I am the wife of Monsieur Cassion."

To my surprise his face brightened, his eyes smiling, as he bowed low before me.

"Your confidence shall not be betrayed, madame," he said gallantly. "I pledge you my discretion whatever circumstances may arise. There is no cur in the D'Artigny strain, and I fight my own battles. Some day I shall be face to face with Francois

I Crept Back to the Bluff Summit and Lay Down to Watch.

Cassion, and if then I fail to strike home it will be memory of your faith which restrains my hand. And now I rejoice that I can make your sacrifice less grievous."

"In what way, monsieur?"

"In that we are no longer entirely alone in our wilderness adventure. I have fortunately brought back with me a comrade, whose presence will rob Cassion of some sharpness of tongue—a soldier under Monsieur de la Durantaye, who has camp below at the portage to the Des Plaines. Out yonder I ran on to him, bearing some message from Green Bay—an odd fellow, but with a gun at his shoulder, and a tongue with which to tell the truth on occasion. Come, madame, there is naught now you need to fear."

CHAPTER XV.

We Decide Our Course.

I accepted D'Artigny's outstretched hand, and permitted him to assist me down the bank. The new arrival was just within the edge of the forest, bending over a freshly kindled fire, barely commencing to blaze, and beside him on the grass lay a wild fowl, already plucked of its feathers. So intent was the fellow at his task, he did not even lift his head until my companion hailed him.

"Barbeau, here is the lady of whom I spoke—the wife of Monsieur Cassion."

He stood up and made me a salute as though I were an officer, as odd a looking little man as ever I had seen, with a small, peaked face, a mop of black hair, and a pair of shrewd, humorous eyes. His dress was that of a courier du bois, with no trace of uniform save the blue forage cap gripped in one hand, yet he stood stiff as if on parade. In spite of his strange, uncouth appearance there was that in his face which won my favor, and I held out my hand.

"You are a soldier of France, Monsieur d'Artigny tells me."

"Yes, madame, of the Regiment Carignan-Salliers," he answered.

"I wonder have you served long? My father was an officer in that command—Captain la Chesnayne."

The expression on the man's face changed magically.

"You the daughter of Captain la Chesnayne," he exclaimed, the words bursting forth uncontrolled, "and married to Cassion! how can this be?"

"You knew him then—my father?"

"Ay, madame; I was with him at the Richelieu, at the village of the Mohawks; and at Bois le Blanc, where he died. I am Jacques Barbeau, a soldier for 20 years; did he not speak to you of me?"

"I was but a girl when he was killed, and we seldom met, for he was usually on campaign. Yet what do you mean by thus expressing surprise at my marriage to Monsieur Cassion?"

He hesitated, evidently regretting his impulsive speech, and glancing from my face into the stern eyes of D'Artigny.

"Monsieur, madame, I spoke hastily; it was not my place."

"That may be true, Barbeau," replied the Sieur grimly, "yet the words have been said, and the lady has a right to have them explained. Was there quarrel between her father and this Francois Cassion?"

"Ay, there was, and bitter, although I know nothing as to the cause. Cassion and La Barre—he whom I now hear is governor of New France—were alike opposed to Captain la Chesnayne, and but for reports they made he would have been the colonel. He struck Cassion in the mess tent, and they were to fight the very morning the Iroquois met us at Bois le Blanc. 'Twas the talk of the men that the captain was shot from behind."

"By Cassion?"

"That I cannot say; yet the bullet entered behind the ear, for I was first to reach him, and he had no other enemy in the Regiment Carignan-Salliers. The feeling against M. Cassion was so strong that he resigned in a few months. You never heard this?"

I could not answer, but stood silent with bowed head. I felt D'Artigny place his hand on my shoulder.

"The lady did not know," he said gravely, as though he felt the necessity of an explanation. "She was at school in a convent at Quebec, and no rumor reached her. She is thankful to you for what you have said, Barbeau, and can trust you as her father's friend and comrade. May I tell him the truth, madame? The man may have other information of value."

I looked at the soldier, and his eyes were grave and honest.

"Yes," I answered, "it can do no harm."

D'Artigny's hand was still on my shoulder, but his glance did not seek my face.

"There is some low trick here, Barbeau," he began soberly, "but the details are not clear. Madame has trusted me as a friend, and confided all she knows, and I will tell the facts to you as I understand them. False reports were made to France regarding Captain la Chesnayne. We have not learned what they were, or who made them, but they were so serious that Louis, by royal decree, issued order that his estates revert to the crown. Later La Chesnayne's friends got the ear of the king, no doubt through Frontenac, ever loyal to him, and by royal order the estates were restored to his ownership. This order of restoration reached Quebec soon after La Barre was appointed governor, and was never made public. It was suppressed by someone, and La Chesnayne was killed three months later, without knowing that he had won the favor of the king."

"But Cassion knew; he was ever hand in glove with La Barre."

"We have cause to suspect so, and now, after listening to your tale, to believe that Captain la Chesnayne's death was part of a carefully formed plot. By accident the lady here learned of the conspiracy, through overhearing a conversation, but was discovered by La Barre hiding behind the curtains of his office. To keep her quiet she was forced into marriage with Francois Cassion, and bidden to accompany him on this journey to Fort St. Louis."

"I see," commented Barbeau shrewdly. "Such marriage would place the property in their control by law. Had Cassion sought marriage previously?"

His eyes were upon me as he asked the question, and I answered him frankly.

"He visited often at the home of my uncle, Hugo Chevet, and, while he never spoke to me directly of marriage, I was told he desired me for his wife, and at the palace he so presented me to Monsieur la Barre."

"On pledge of Chevet, no doubt. Your uncle knew of your fortune."

"No; he supposed me penniless; he thought it a great honor done me by the favorite of the governor's. 'Twas my belief he expected some reward for persuading me to accept the offer."

"And this Chevet—what became of him?"

"He accompanied us on the journey, also upon order of Monsieur la Barre, who, no doubt, thought he would be safer in the wilderness than in Quebec. He was murdered at St. Ignace."

"Murdered?"

"Ay, struck down from behind with a knife. No one knows who did it, but Cassion has charged the crime against Sieur d'Artigny, and circumstances are such he will find it difficult to prove his innocence."

The soldier stood silent, evidently reviewing in his mind all that had been told him, his eyes narrowed into slits as he gazed thoughtfully at us both.

"Bah!" he exclaimed at last, "the riddle is not so hard to read, although, no doubt, the trick has been well played. I know Governor la Barre, and this Francois Cassion, for I have served under both, while Monsieur la Chesnayne was my captain and friend. May I tell you what, in my judgment, seems best for you to do?"

I glanced at D'Artigny, and his eyes gave me courage.

"Monsieur, you are a French soldier," I answered, "an educated man, also, and my father's friend. I will listen gladly."

His eyes smiled, and he swept the earth with his cap.

"Then my plan is this—leave Monsieur Cassion to go his way, and let me be your guide southward. I know the trails, and the journey is not difficult. M. de la Durantaye is camped at the portage of the Des Plaines, having but a handful of men, to be sure, yet he is a gallant officer, and no enemy to La Salle, although he serves the governor. He will see justice done, and give you both safe convoy to Fort St. Louis, where De Tonty knows how to protect his officers. Faith! I would like to see Francois Cassion try to browbeat that one-armed Italian—'twould be one time he would meet his match."

D'Artigny laughed.

"Ay, you are right there, my friend. I have felt the iron hook, and witnessed how he wins his way with white and red. Yet he is no longer in command at Fort St. Louis; I bring him orders now from Sieur de la Salle bidding him not to interfere with the governor's lieutenants. 'Tis the Chevalier de Baugis with whom we must reckon."

"True, he has control, and men enough, with Cassion's party, to enforce his order. And he is a hot-head, conceited, and holding himself a bit better than others, because he bears commission in the King's Dragoons. 'Tis said that he and De Tonty have had many a stiff quarrel since he came; but he dare not go too far. There are good men there ready to draw sword if it ever come to blows—De Tonty, Boisrondet, L'Esprance, De Marle, and the Algonquins camped on the plain below. They would be tigers if the Italian spoke the word; while I doubt not M. de la Durantaye would throw his influence on the side of mercy; he has small love for the captain of dragoons."

I spoke quickly, and before D'Artigny could voice decision.

"We will accept your guidance, monsieur. It is the best choice, and now the only one, for the time is past when we can expect the return of the canoes. Can we not at once begin the journey?"

It was an hour later, after we had eaten, that we left the bluff, and turned westward into the great woods. Barbeau led the way, moving along the bank of a small stream, and I followed, with D'Artigny close behind. As we had nothing to carry, except the soldier's rifle and blanket, we made rapid progress, and in less than half an hour we came to the Indian trail, which led southward from Green Bay to the headwaters of the Des Plaines.

It was late in the afternoon of the second day when we arrived at the forks of the Chicago river. There was a drizzle of rain in the air, and never saw I a more desolate spot; a bare, dreary plain, and away to the eastward a glimpse of the lake.

A hut of logs, a mere shack scarcely fit for shelter, stood on a slight eminence, giving wide view in every direction, but it was unoccupied, the door ajar. Barbeau, in advance, stared at it in surprise, gave utterance to an oath, and ran forward to peer within. Close behind him, I caught a glimpse of the interior, my own heart heavy with disappointment.

If this miserable place had been the headquarters of M. de la Durantaye, evidently it was so no longer. Not a vestige of occupancy remained, save a rotten blanket on the floor, and a broken bench in one corner. Rude bunks lined two walls, and a table hewed from a log stood in the center of the dirt floor. On this was a paper pinned to the wood by a broken knife-blade. Barbeau grasped it, and read the writing, handing it back to me. It was a scrawl of a few words, yet told the whole story:

"Francois Cassion, under commission of Governor la Barre, arrived with party of soldiers and Indians. At his orders we accompany the force to Fort St. Louis.

"DE LA DURANTAYE."

"Perhaps it is as well," commented D'Artigny lightly. "At least as far as my good health goes; but 'tis like to make a hard journey for you, madame."

"Is it far yet until we attain the fort?"

"A matter of twenty-five leagues; of no moment had we a boat in which to float downstream, but the trail, as I remember, is rough."

"Perchance there may be a boat," intercepted Barbeau. "There was the wreck of an Indian canoe a mile below here on the Des Plaines, not so

He Stood Up and Made Me a Salute.

damaged as to be beyond repair, and here is a hatchet which we will find useful." He stooped and picked it up from under the bench. "One thing is certain—'tis useless to remain here; they have left the place as bare as a desert. 'Tis my choice that we make the Des Plaines before dark."

The Des Plaines was a narrow stream, flowing quietly through prairie land, although bordered along its shores by a thin fringe of trees. We moved down along its eastern bank for perhaps a half league, when we came to the edge of a swamp and made camp. D'Artigny built a fire and prepared my tent of boughs, while Barbeau waded out around a point in search of the wrecked canoe. He came back just at dusk towing it behind him through the shallow water, and the two men managed to drag it far enough up the bank to enable the water to drain out. Later, aided by a flaming torch, we looked it over, and decided the canoe could be made to float again. It required two days' work, however, before we ventured to trust ourselves to its safety.

But the dawn of the third day saw us afloat on the sluggish current, the two men plying improvised paddles to increase our speed, while I busied myself in keeping the frail craft free from water by constant use of a tin cup.

Both men believed there was peace in the valley, except for the jealousy between the white factions at Fort St Louis, and that the various Algonquin tribes were living quietly in their villages under protection of the Rock. D'Artigny described what a wonderful sight it was, looking down from the high palisades to the broad meadows below, covered with tepees, and alive with peaceful Indians. He named the tribes which had gathered there for protection, trusting in La Salle, and believing De Tonty their friend—Illini, Shawnees, Abenakies, Miamis, Mohegans—at one time reaching a total of twenty thousand souls.

Owing to the leaking of our canoe, and many difficulties experienced, we were three days in reaching the spot where the Illinois and the Fox rivers joined their waters, and swept forward in one broad stream. The time of our arrival at this spot was early in the afternoon, and, as D'Artigny said Fort St. Louis was situated scarce ten miles below, our long journey seemed nearly ended. We anticipated reaching there before night, and, in spite of my fear of the reception awaiting us, my heart was light with hope and expectation.

Do you believe that Madame Cassion's new friend will be instrumental in proving her right to her dead father's fortune and in denouncing and silencing forever Cassion and La Barre?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Up to Her.

Wife—"Do you object to my having two hundred dollars a month spending money?" Husband—"Certainly not, if you can find it anywhere."—Judge.

Farmer Lost Legs in Corn Husker.

Prouts Station, O.—Frank Kinzle had both legs so badly mangled when he fell into a corn husker that they had to be amputated at the knees. His condition is critical.

Police Evict Fasting Squatter.

New York.—The police arrested Walter Wade on a charge of trespass when he built a hut in Van Cortlandt park and started on a 60-day fast.

Honor is gold, but gold and silver are not honor.

The KITCHEN CABINET

We are all imperfect and the two things that make it possible for imperfect people to live together in peace and joy are forgiving and forgetting.

FOR DAINTY APPETITES.

Cut an unpeeled eggplant in one-fourth-inch slices, salt each; put them together again and press under a heavy weight an hour or more. Cut them into equal lengths a fourth of an inch wide, rejecting the skin, dry them and roll them in flour and cornmeal mixed; season with salt, pepper, and a dash of nutmeg. Drop a few at a time into hot olive oil and fry until a delicate brown. Drain on soft paper and serve at once.

Macaroni Savory.—Take a quart of cooked macaroni, two green peppers, two onions, chop the vegetables and fry 15 minutes in olive oil, tossing them constantly; add one cupful of tomatoes and a half cupful of grated cheese.

Masked Sweetbreads.—Remove the pipes and skin from a pound of blanched sweetbreads, then put through the meat grinder with two slices of salt pork. Form into cutlets and roll them in cheesecloth to keep their shape. Place on ice to become firm. After an hour or two saute them on one side, only using butter; then place them in a buttered baking sheet, baked side up. Cover them with the following mixture: Scald a small onion in water five minutes, drain and slice it and cook in a tablespoonful of butter until it is slightly brown; add one cupful of stock and cook until tender; press through a sieve with the stock. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; add a third of a cupful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a little paprika. Add enough cream to the onion and stock mixture to make one and a third cupfuls; add this to the mixture in the pan; when boiling, add one large egg, cook for a moment, then add a dash of cayenne and nutmeg. Cover the sweetbreads about a fourth of an inch with this. Cool, then cover with bread crumbs, mixed in melted butter. Place a whole mushroom, cooked in butter, on each cutlet, and garnish with strips of truffle or red and green peppers. Bake ten minutes. Serve with a brown mushroom sauce around the edge of the plate with a mound of fried eggplant straws in the center.

Chestnut Soup.—Boil four dozen large chestnuts for 15 minutes; let cool and peel them. Cook the chestnuts in three tablespoonfuls of melted butter for a few minutes, not letting them brown. Add to this three pints of chicken stock that has been well seasoned and let cook slowly until the chestnuts are soft. Put nuts through a sieve and return to the stock. Serve with croutons.

Who bides his time and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay;
However poor his fortunes be,
He will not fail in any qualm,
Of poverty the petty dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.
—James W. Riley.

CHOICE, COOL DISHES.

Digestive troubles are not caused from any one food usually, but from too great an amount and too great a variety.

Salmon Mayonnaise.—Set a can of the best salmon into a saucepan of boiling water and cook for 15 minutes. Open and turn it out on the platter without breaking the mold. The finest salmon contains nothing that need be removed. Pour over it a half pint of mayonnaise dressing, containing a tablespoonful of horseradish. Garnish with circles of hard-boiled egg and serve with Saratoga potatoes.

Boiled Cucumbers.—Pare and cut the cucumbers in halves, lengthwise, and boil in salted water until tender, but still firm, then drain. Make a sauce of one tablespoonful each of butter and flour and one cupful of the water in which the cucumbers were cooked; add salt, pepper and the juice of half a lemon; when thick and smooth, add one half a pimento, shredded, and one tablespoonful of cooked peas. Lay the cucumber on strips of toast and pour the sauce over them.

Green Peppers in Tomato Sauce.—Cut up two quarts of fresh tomatoes, add one teaspoonful of salt, and boil over a quick fire for half an hour, stirring occasionally; then strain. There should be a pint or more. Put half a cupful of oil in a casserole, and when hot add two cloves of garlic finely minced, fry these until brown. Now add the strained tomatoes, a tablespoonful of minced parsley and three basil or bay leaves. Boil ten minutes. Cut ten green peppers in strips, removing the seeds and stems, add them to the tomato sauce and cook half an hour. Serve hot.

Stuffed Peppers.—Cut off the stem end of four sweet peppers and fill with rice, chicken, celery, onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Moisten with olive oil and a little tomato. Sprinkle lightly with cheese and bake 40 minutes.

There is no use arguing with the inevitable, the only argument with the east wind is to put on our overcoat.—Lowell.

An example is worth a thousand arguments.—Wm. Gladstone.

WAYS TO TREAT FRUIT.

Cantaloupes are delicious when served in any form if they are chilled.

One of the pretty ways to serve them is to cut them in quarters and garnish with three candied or mint cherries in each quarter. This method may be used as a dessert or as a beginning to the meal.

Peach Pie (Pennsylvania Dutch).—Line a pie plate with rich crust and fill with sliced peaches, either fresh or canned may be used; sprinkle with sugar and fill the crust with sour cream. Cover with tart strips and bake. Bake very slowly; this is simply delicious.

A pretty way to serve peaches is to peel them, halve them and fill the centers with chopped nuts and cover with whipped cream. On each serving place half a walnut.

Tart apples cooked with onions and a little salt pork fat; season with sugar, salt and pepper if liked. A most tasty dish to serve with meat as a vegetable.

Maple Apples.—Pare, halve and core half a dozen cooking apples and put into a kettle with two cupfuls of water and one cupful of maple sirup. Let simmer until they are tender, gently turning them with a fork when the edges begin to look clear. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Yellow Tomato and Chestnut Salad.—Pare 12 yellow tomatoes after dipping in scalding water, cut in halves and let stand in French dressing for half an hour. Blanch the chestnuts and chill some celery. Take a fourth of a cupful of sliced chestnuts and diced celery, mix with mayonnaise. Form nests of cress and lay the tomatoes in the cress in the shape of a maltese cross; then place a spoonful of the celery and chestnut mixture in the center on each serving. Pour over the dressing that has been drained from the tomatoes and serve with cream-cheese sandwiches.

Apple jelly made from the red Astrachans, using the peeling to give it color, makes a most beautiful jelly.

Strawberry juice added to apple juice makes a delicious jelly both to see and taste.

If you want knowledge you must toil for it, if pleasure you must toil for it. Toil is law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.—Ruskin.

TO REMOVE STAINS.

To remove fresh tea and coffee stains. Place the stained linen over a large bowl and pour through it boiling water from a teakettle held at a height to insure force. If the stains are obliterated soak with peroxide after they are hung on the line.

Old tea and coffee stains; soak in cold water first, then use boiling water as above. To remove cocoa and chocolate stains use cold, then boiling, water.

Four boiling water on fruit stains, arranging the stained surface over a bowl.

Blood stains, soak in cold water, then wash in hot soapsuds, and bleach in the sun.

Wine stains, cover the stains with salt; let stand a few minutes then rinse in cold water.

To remove ink spots from gingham—Wet the spots with milk and cover them with salt. Let stand some hours then rinse in several waters.

To remove ink spots from white fabric—Put one or two drops of oxalic acid on the spots, rinse in several waters and finally in ammonia.

To remove grass stains—Allow the spots to remain saturated with alcohol for a little time, then wash in clear water. Another method—rub with molasses, then wash in hot soapsuds, or a little lard, to loosen the grass fiber, is rubbed well into the cloth, and is then washed out in hot suds; is usually effective.

To remove mildew—Use lemon juice and sunshine, or if deep-seated, soak in a solution of one tablespoonful of chloride of lime in four quarts of cold water until the mildew disappears. Rinse several times in clear water.

To remove rust stains—Lemon juice and salt or salts of lemon are the most valuable removers. Moisten the salts with water and moisten the spot; let it lie in the sun until the spot disappears. A second application may be needed. When all other means fail, smoke stains over a funnel placed over a bit of burning sulphur, confining the fumes as much as possible to the spot needing treatment, then wash thoroughly as the sulphur rots the thread.

Usually two or three treatments of peroxide in the sunshine will take out stains on table linen.

Nellie Maxwell

PRIVATE WARS WERE MANY

Any Pretext Would Serve to Start a Long and Bloody Conflict in Feudal Times.

"Of the many privileges conferred on the nobles of Europe by the feudal system, none was more jealously guarded or more frequently exercised than the right of waging private war," Dr. MacMillan writes in the Scottish Review. "This lawless custom was the cause of untold misery, barbarity, ruin and destitution. Upon the slightest pretext—often indeed with no excuse at all—the feudal baron would sally forth from his stronghold in order to carry fire and sword into the territories of some neighboring chief.

"'This abuse,' says Cox in his 'History of the House of Austria,' 'was carried to so great an extent that not only sovereigns and states engaged in hostilities from interest or revenge, but the lesser barons, and even associations of tradesmen and domestics, sent defiances to each other on the most ridiculous pretenses and in a manner scarcely credible at the present day.

"'We find a declaration of war from a private individual, Henry Mayenberg, against the emperor; another from the Lord Prauenstein against Frankfort, because a young lady of the city refused to dance with his uncle; another in 1450 from the baker and domestics of the margrave of Baden against Eslingen, Reutlingen, and other imperial cities; another in 1462 from the baker of the Count Palatine Louis against the cities of Ausburg, Ulm and Rottweil; one in 1471 from the shoeblacks of the University of Leipzig against the provost and some other members, and one in 1477 from a cook in Eppenstein, with his scullions, dairymaids and dishwashers against Otho, count of Solms.'

"But this lawlessness and mischievous spirit did not expire with the abolition of the right of private war."

The public library of Cincinnati makes and lends lantern slides.

INTERESTING ITEMS

The warfare is spreading against the prairie dog. In Texas alone they annually eat enough grass to feed 1,622,500 cows.

Japan is becoming interested in sheep raising. The imperial stock farm at Hokkaida has bought animals in Australia.

The word "and" occurs 46,527 times in Holy Scriptures, 10,984 times in the Old Testament and 35,543 times in the New Testament.

Paris has opened an exposition of materials and methods of reconstructing damaged buildings, farms, highways, bridges, villages, etc.

Driven by a kerosene motor, a motorcycle has been invented that carries four persons seated ahead of one another and is controlled by the man on the back seat.

There are more than 100,000 acres of nipa palms in the Philippines, and the insular government is endeavoring to produce cheap sugar and alcohol from their sap.